

# SPRING TIME

Novelized by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE From the Play of the Same Name by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson  
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[CONTINUED.]

## Chapter 6

IT was natural that Mlle. de Valette, entering the room and there finding them, should not understand. Thus she gave a little cry of alarm, and her brother, coming behind, strode forward swiftly. "What is it?" he demanded. "A stranger!" cried Mlle. de Valette. "He's frightened Madeleine!" De Valette turned upon Gilbert. "So!" he said. "These are American manners, are they—to enter a gentle-

this subject nor by this messenger. Explain to him that gentlemen of French descent have curious prejudices against intrusion upon their households. Moreover, learn this for yourself, because a lack of knowledge in such matters may sometimes prove embarrassing—even dangerous—to you: Our young gentlemen are not to be addressed or come upon in such a way as has been yours."

Gilbert Steele, color yet higher, faced the other with dignity. "I did not intend any offense," he said quietly. "I am very ignorant of French customs. Certain of them I could never hope to comprehend. Be assured that I shall never interfere with any of them again or shall I have

dear?"

O'Mara, lifting his hand, said: "Not for a minute yet."

"But," protested Mlle. de Valette, "she's to try on her wedding dress."

"After we have drunk her health," said O'Mara. He raised his glass. "My dear!"

They raised their glasses then—her father, the priest, her betrothed—they raised their glasses to her. Mechanically she remembered; mechanically she courtesied. They turned one to another, clinking their glasses.

"To the bride!" they cried, the three together. And then her aunt had gone. No one was looking. Suddenly that which was within her became greater and yet more great. It became greater than habit or fear or obedience. It became the greatest thing of all the world—greater even than that great emptiness that was her heart. One person of all the world she wanted, and that one was Gilbert. One thing of all the things there were she wanted, and that thing was to be with him, of him, his, and to have him here. They were not looking. Came to her ears dimly as from a limitable distance the words: "To a bright wedding day!"

And it was then that she fled, blindly, wildly, following him—Gilbert.

"Ah, Trapper Wolf," she said easily. "your company has a rendezvous here, eh?"

He nodded satisfiedly. "Company's full; recruitin' finished," he rejoined complacently. "I tell you, my boys from these trails will know how to help Andy Jackson chase them British varmints into the river. You know what we call the company—Wolf's sharpshooters, and we're to meet here at sunset. That's the word sent out—by the fallen log and the holler tree."

L'Acadienne placed her hands on her hips, smiling a little. "You have my good wish in the fight," she said simply. "I think you have good hearts. That is not so frequent."

An idea had come to Wolf. He turned to her. "Are you in any particular hurry?" he asked.

She smiled again. "Me?" she said. "My hurry is all at an end. What is it that you want?"

"Do you know young Gilbert Steele?" she asked.

"That won't matter," he replied. "He's a mighty likely young feller of this neighborhood, and he's joined Wolf's sharpshooters unbeknownst to his father, so I had to bring his rifle here for him. He'll be here for it, but I haven't had no chance to give him the word that here's where the company is to meet and start from, and I want him to stay here. Now, if you'd just wait here and tell him for me it'd give me a chance to foller a darned coward"—he glanced in the direction in which Crawley had disappeared—"that I think is going to desert. I could make sure he comes back."

She nodded. Indifferently she said: "I will do it."

"Well, I take that kindly of you," he acknowledged. He handed her the extra rifle that he carried and unslinged the second powderhorn that lay across his shoulder. She took them and went to the cleft tree that stood by the log. "I will put them here for him," she said.

Wolf turned. "He'll be here," he said: "a likely lookin' young feller with pleasin' manners. Jest ask him if his name's Gilbert Steele and give 'em to him." And he was gone.

L'Acadienne had forgotten him ere he had vanished from sight. She stood, arms akimbo, silent, motionless. Only her eyes moved, and they moved not much. At length she heard the bushes rustle behind her. She turned. Came toward her Madeleine de Valette. Golden brown hair was disheveled. Her eyes were wide. The hem of her white dress was torn, and to it adhered a bit of vine—a bramble.

Madeleine came forward slowly. "Have you seen any one pass this way?" she asked.

"Why?" L'Acadienne wondered; the wonderment was in her voice.

Madeleine said: "I was following some one, but he was very far ahead and on horseback. He rode into the woods, and I lost sight of him, but I kept following."

L'Acadienne shrugged her little shoulders expressively. She said: "M. Raoul de Valette is a difficult man to follow, as many have found."

"M. Raoul de Valette? But I am not following him."

"Not he?" L'Acadienne cried, surprised.

Madeleine shook her little head—the head that was so like a lily upon its stem. "Oh, no!" she said simply. "One so fortunate as to be betrothed to M. Raoul de Valette and searching for another man!" L'Acadienne spoke slowly, curiously.

Madeleine said, almost piteously:



"M. RAOUL DE VALETTE IS A DIFFICULT MAN TO FOLLOW, AS MANY HAVE FOUND."



"Oh, so far? I have never been as far as this before. It is hard coming through these woods."

"Who is it?" she demanded the other. "Who is it that you follow?"

"His name is Gilbert—"

"Gilbert Steele?" cried L'Acadienne quickly.

"Do you know him?" exclaimed Madeleine eagerly. "Have you seen him?"

"I have a message for him too," she said, looking at the slender little figure intently. She said suddenly, "It might be that I could save you some little trouble if you tell me your message."

"It isn't a message."

"You want to see him?" She said it shrewdly, eagerly.

"Oh, yes."

L'Acadienne went on eagerly: "You want to look at him? You want to be with him, near by, so that you can talk with him—talk all you like? I'm right?"

"Oh, I must!" Madeleine cried. "He is hurt with me," she went on, explaining rapidly. "He got angry with me so suddenly. He was offended. I didn't know what to do, and then they all came. My father was so bitter with him and spoke so harshly to him, and he said that he would never come back and went away. Don't you understand? I must see him and tell him. I don't want him to be hurt."

"Because," said L'Acadienne slowly. "if he is hurt that hurts you a great deal?"

"I can't bear it!" cried Madeleine piteously.

"He is such an old friend of yours, have known him a long

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"DO YOU THINK I WANT TO COME BACK TO FIND YOU MARRIED?"

man's house unannounced—to frighten a lady?"

Gilbert turned, his shoulders squared, for, while he was a boy he was in many ways a man, and he lacked not in either courage or dignity.

"Mr. de Valette," he said proudly, "I am Gilbert Steele. My father sent me here by appointment."

"Whose?" queried De Valette. "It takes two to make an appointment."

"He sent me for an answer to his letter."

"Ah, yes!" cried De Valette, bowing low. "He wishes to know what price I put upon my home! May I risk the infidelity of inquiring if you have heard that this poor house of mine is on the market?"

"No, sir. But my father considered it a fair proposal."

"By any chance," inquired De Valette harshly, "could either he or you consider it merely as a piece of effrontery?"

"No, sir," returned Gilbert, the color mounting his cheeks.

"Of course you could not!" The smothered anger in the breast of De Valette was finding flame. "But I happen to regard it so. Tell your father," he went on, "that he shall not have the last acres of Valette. And beg him to do me this courtesy: That if he shall ever have occasion to send me another message let it not be upon

the honor willingly to present myself here after today."

He turned. Lightly, behind the protection of his body, he dropped the piece



"I DID NOT INTEND ANY OFFENSE."

rose that Madeleine had given him, casting it upon the chimney seat. At the door he turned and bowed. Then he was gone. Madeleine stood watching, white fingers lacing and interlacing. There was in her heart that which she did not know, she did not understand. Only it hurt—it hurt so much. Her father was saying: "Hah! That clears the air of Yankee ruffian!"

Father O'Mara chuckled. "Faith," he said, "he is a gallant young rooster, that Gilbert Steele. I know him."

Louise had come into the room, carrying a decanter of wine and glasses. Madeleine saw her dimly. And now her aunt was speaking. "Madeleine," she said, "come, my

Deep in the underbrush, clinging to the shadows of a fallen log, Wolf found Crawley, his recruit. He strode to him.

"What are you hiding for?"

Crawley came forth shivering, impelled by the heavy butt of a long rifle.

"I thought there might be British about," he said fearfully. "I—I was going to ambush them."

"You'll get all the ambushing you want tomorrow," the other rejoined contemptuously.

"You—you don't think there'll be a real battle, do you, Mr. Wolf?" ventured the recruit quakingly.

The other snorted. "I don't believe you'll be able to tell it from a real one," he returned.

"Do you think we'll all be—killed?"

Wolf eyed him severely.

"Something tells me, Crawley," he said at length, "that you're going to be one of the survivors of this war."

There could be no doubt of the fervor with which the recruit replied: "Oh, I do want to be!"

Wolf again eyed him.

"See here, my son," he said, "are you considerable of a coward?"

"Oh, Mr. Wolf"—began Crawley in expostulation. And then: "Yesterday, when you were making that speech in the village, I felt dreadful patriotic and reckless. But somehow it ain't the same today, when we've got to march!"

"See here, Private Crawley," said Wolf sternly. "do you know where we put a man that gets to shakin' when he has shootin' to do? We stand him out in front, right up close to the enemy, so's he won't miss 'em."

Crawley gulped.

"Oh, I won't shake, Captain Wolf! I promise not to shake!"

"Where's your powderhorn?" demanded Wolf suddenly.

Crawley felt behind his back. He said slowly, quakingly, "I must 'a' forgot it."

"What?"

"I—I must 'a' left it at home."

"Immortal Joshua!" exclaimed Wolf. "Go back for it. And be sure you're back here at sunset when the company marches."

Crawley, more quickly than he had moved yet, scrambled across the log and vanished in the enshrouding underbrush. Wolf watched him go, disgust planted deep in his bronzed and wrinkled visage. When he turned it was to face L'Acadienne.

## Professional Directory of Wallowa County

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 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

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W. E. HAMMACK, a rancher living some seven miles from Enterprise, paid this office a visit last Saturday. Mr. Hammack remembers the time, only a few years ago, when he could have purchased for some \$3,000 a farm that has recently sold for something like \$25,000. This is evidence of the growth of Wallowa county realty values.

Frank Melotte, well and favorably known in and around Enterprise, returned from an extended trip into Canada this week. Oregon and Wallowa county look good enough to Mr. Melotte.

CHARLES THOMAS  
 LAWYER - ENTERPRISE, ORE.

Practice in State and Federal Courts and Int. Dept. Abstract Bldg., opposite court house.

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DR. C. A. AULT  
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Office in Bank Building. Home phone both office and residence.

he or she should inform Mr. Clarke immediately to insure a correct count and to facilitate the local census taking.

John D. Rockefeller would go broke if he should spend his entire income trying to prepare a better medicine than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is so simply impossible, and so says every one that has used it. Sold by all druggists.

Alene Harvey, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Harvey of this city, sustained a fracture of one of the bones in the left forearm, just above the wrist, Friday. Mr. Harvey had been to La Grande on business, not returning until Saturday. The little tot was playing with some playmates, and in some manner the arm was twisted, accidentally producing the fracture. No serious results are anticipated, the child being so young and the bones of the arm and are so pliable and so readily tending to knit and heal.

Attorney J. A. Burleigh arrived from Pendleton, where he attended the present session of the supreme court, Thursday. He came in time to find himself elected mayor of Enterprise.

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Census Taker F. A. Clarke has completed the census of Enterprise, and is now skimming about the outskirts, picking up any stray

names that he might have missed or that were unavoidably not taken. He states that it is surprising to get out of town a short distance and

see the new homestead "shacks" that spring up, almost, while one sleeps. If there is any person in Enterprise that has been missed,